Angora Ranch, Death Traps and Tillamook Head Trip.

May 20, 1945

Time to get up, 7^{00} AM. The weather looks soupy and it has been raining. It's not likely anyone will turn out for the trip today. I have some work to do at Seaside, however, so when it is finished I'll go down to the Cove and see if anyone shows up. If the weather improves I might make a little solo trip anyway. Work finished about 10:45 and the weather looks quite promising, and I started for the Cove. While driving down S. Holladay near the Mecanicum bridge I overtook three female hikers who seem very eager for a ride, though they have hiked only half a mile. With one in the seat and two in the rumble seat (tool box) in the back of the truck we soon arrive at the Cove where we park, hang on the packs and start hiking up the road toward the head. We meet a few people who appear to wonder what's going on.

At the old Flemming place, we start up the muddy trail toward the Angora 40. The trail soon improves and the hiking is very pleasant thru the fresh greenery bathed with occasional sunshine. The trail down thru the property is a little dim in places from lack of use but we arrived at Portals Camp without difficulty where luncheon was served: Everything about this locality appeared quite unchanged since my last visit a couple years or more ago.

On the recommendation of the guide we got underway again about noon as we were to go into the traps on a 1.2 tide at 2:57 PM which would probably not allow us too much time. The guide really got a surprise when he delivered the entire group onto the beach without getting tangled up in the brush more than a couple times. It was a little relief, however, to get out in open spaces tho the rocks ground and rolled under foot. The

girls traveled only at a moderate pace but I went on ahead to check, if possible, the length of time before low water that it would be possible to pass the entrance to the trap. I reached it at 1 PM and found that it would have been passable an hour or more earlier. I looked at the sea life and general scenery, took pictures and enjoyed the sunshine, the sky being quite well cleared up by this time. The ocean was a deep blue color, nearly like Crater Lake and there was very little surf. A sealion played along near the shore, while an eagle and a few seagulls soared overhead. The girls soon arrived and all enjoyed rambling over the rocks examining the shallow water for new specimens of sea life. We proceeded quite leisurely for an hour or more and were only about half way thru the traps when the girls began discussing whether to return the way we had come or go all the way thru the traps and return by the trail over the head. The guide explained the conditions that might be encountered but the girls were game. I wanted to return by the trail tho I did not say so for I did not want the girls to say I dragged them into a bad trip.

We reached Bird Rocks, Pinnacle and Arch about 3 PM where we made a long stop. I took a few pictures. Esther & Jo went wading for a while, then we all stretched out on the sandy beach for a while in the sun which was very comfortable. In fact it was too comfortable. A navy blimp and several planes passed by which added variety to the already wonderful scenery.

Finally the guide rudely ~~killed~~ Killed the joy by requesting that shoes be put on so we might be on our way again. There now being only one way to return and that was by a lot of hard work. An hour or more would be

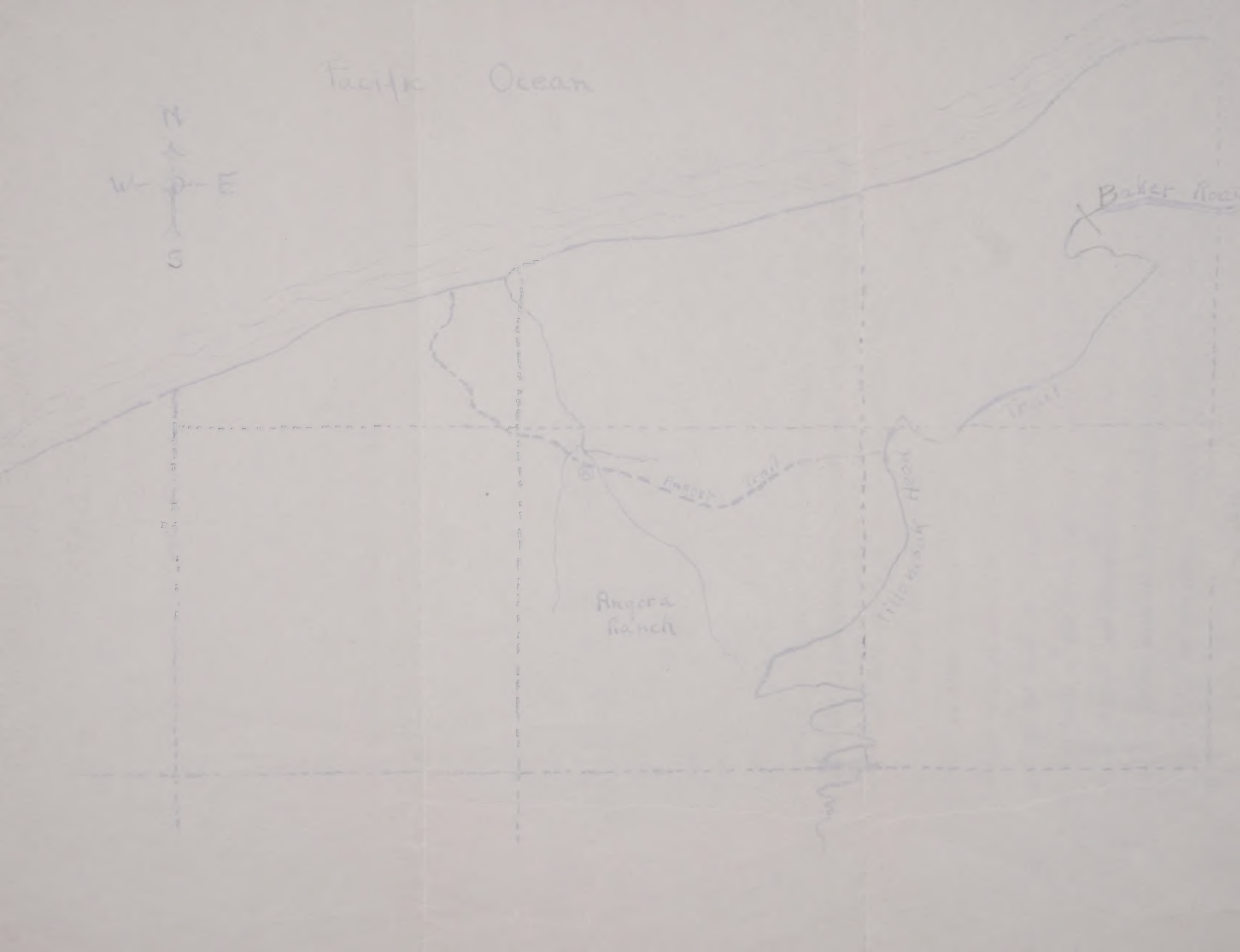
required to climb to the trail and then it would be a long drag home. After climbing half the hill three times and slipping back twice we reached the more gentle and brushy slope where we nearly lost the way a couple times. Quite a long rest was made at the old holly tree on the main trail during which Irene and I made a short trip to Bald Hill to view Cannon Beach and way points, she having never seen the view before.

Soon after starting north on the trail our approach to the U. S. Air Corps Radar Station was indicated by the barking of a dog who greeted us as we entered the camp by way of the ash pile behind the barracks. Entering upon the main street we were greeted by several men who critically eyed the ladies and I suppose envied me. Perhaps they wanted us to stay over as they could not or would not give any information as to the location of the trail leading north from the camp. Nor did they offer to take us out in the jeep which was standing idle. The boys were very friendly to the ladies, however, taking them into the mess hall for a drink. I guess something was wrong however, for I heard Jo tell the dog to come along with us for the boys were not any good anyway.

Fortunately for us Esther had been in this camp last fall and knew about where to find the trail on the north side so there was little delay on that account. The radar equipment or installation can be plainly seen from the trail and is located on the edge of the cliff, just north of camp.

About a mile up the trail we made another long stop at a nice grassy place for finishing up the remains of lunches, some trading was done and every crumb was used. There was a lot of ~~talk~~ talk about milk shakes, pie, lemonade and various things waiting for us at Seaside.

Again we were on the trail, " charlie horses " came and went and heels dragged more and more but fortunately we didn't have to shoot anyone. The monotony of the trail was broken occasionally by a good view of the beach below and a couple glimpses of Seaside. Finally the down hill stretch thru the Angora 40 was reached and it seemed as if we were nearly home which pepped us up so much that ferns and other plants were dug up and carried along for planting at home. We reached the truck at 8 ^{00} PM just as a leaky ~~could~~ cloud passed over. The tool box again made a very welcome rumble seat for Jo and Irene and we proceeded to Seaside, where a stop was made for milk shakes, pie, orange ade, and popcorn. From Seaside there was the choice of waiting for a bus which might be overloaded, then hiking some more to get home or being delivered at home by truck. The latter was chosen by the girls even tho there was a light drizzle of rain ~~as~~ for a while. They are real tough goats and didn't mind. All were home happy well ahead of the bus. A very pleasant trip being completed by Jo Schwab, Esther Juntti, Irene ~~Schem~~ Sehorn and Ralph Horton, guide and Co- historian.


Pacific Ocean
N
W
E
S
Baker Rock
Angora Ranch